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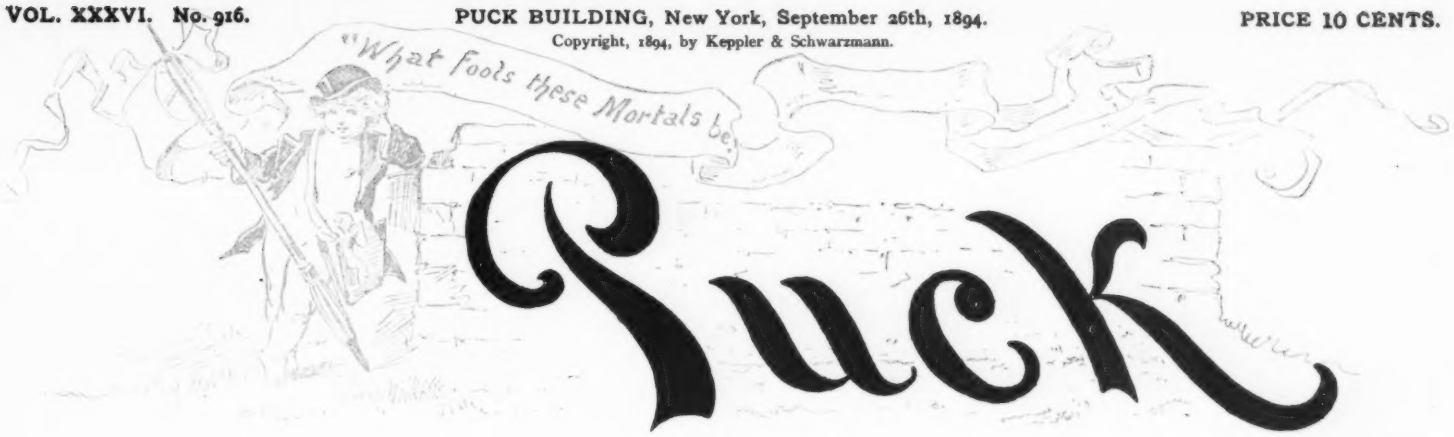

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Puck's Presidential Possibilities.—No. IV.

THE SETTING SUN.

"This destiny business is n't what it 's cracked up to be."

TOO MANY HUSBANDS.

THOUGH BRUSCH is wedded to his art—
Yet doth remain a lover still;—
The fickle jade supports him ill
The while he plays a suppliant's part.

His friends declare his evil plight
Is not his fault, as some assert,
But doth result because the flirt
In polyandry takes delight.

Roe L. Hendrick.

RELENTLESS TIME.

He started in alarm.
"No," she repeated; "you do not know what my past life has been."
His fingers pressed convulsively into his palms.
"Surely," he cried; "it has not been more than thirty-five years."
The ocean moaned as it has for ages, and that was all.

BLEECKER.—The Brooklyn Bridge is a genuine bridge of sighs.

MONTAGUE.—How do you make that out?

BLEECKER.—Sighs of anguish, when you go over, and of relief, when you come back.

CHAPLEY.—I proposed last night, and Miss Jessie accepted me, imposing only a single condition.

TOM KNOX.—What was that?

CHAPLEY.—That we were never to be married.

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A HOPELESS TASK.

EMPLOYER *(severely)*.—What! Mislaid the letter I sent you to deliver, Michael? Go back and find it at once! From your looks, I think you left it in a saloon!

MICHAEL.—I did, sor,—but Oi 'm dom'd if Oi can remimber which wan!

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DESCRIPTIVE OF IT.

MISS MOBILE.—Well, Auntie, how is Uncle Mose these days?

AUNT CHLOE.—Po'ly, Miss; po'ly; he 's dun got dat exclamatory rheumatism.

MISS MOBILE.—You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Auntie; "exclamatory" is to cry out.

AUNT CHLOE *(with solemn conviction)*.—Dat 's hit, Missy; dat 's hit—he don't do nuffin but holler!

HAD TO DECLARE HIMSELF.

YOUNG BEACON.—Need I tell you that I love you better than all the world?

MISS BACON.—Yes; you 'd better get yourself on record, and harangue the jury, before Pop calls another suit.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

MR. BREEZY.—Well, we hear your son is right in the swim in London, going round with Dukes and Lords, and all the nobility.

OLD MRS. TOMDICK *(with feeling)*.—But, Mr. Breezy,—you will believe me, I am sure,—Harry was not always a bad boy!

SHE STOOPS to conquer, does this girl,
As she really never ought,
But win the cycle handicap
She otherwise can not.

WITH MOST people, success has a strong tendency to destroy belief in luck.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

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HER TASTE IN DRESS.

MISTRESS.—Do you want to wear my patience out, Mary?
SERVANT.—I should prefer your silk, Mum, if it 's the same to you.

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

THE SLIGHT unpleasantness, which for a time threatened to mar the harmony of the last session of the Literary Society, had its inception in the introduction by Alkali Ike of the following subject for debate at the next meeting: "*Resolved*, That a druggist who deliberately substitutes Prickly Ash Bitters for the whiskey of a regular customer, is worse than an infidel." This, in itself, might have been passed over as only a rather suggestive generality, had not Isaac looked fixedly at one of our most popular pharmacists and dealers in paints, oils, glass, putty, and toilet specialties; and resolved, further, that if the outrage was repeated, he — Alkali Ike — could, and emphatically would, whip him — the druggist — on less ground than a two-dollar bill would cover. The chairman rapped vigorously with the butt of the broken-locked revolver which serves as a gavel, and warned Ike that he was out of order. Ike instantly retorted that his stomach was in the same condition, as a result of the low-down trick that had been played on it, and commenced to particularize, when the druggist, just mentioned, rose quickly and referred to the speaker in an extremely sarcastic way, as a man who had as a motto the famous utterance of the Governor of North Carolina; and, in his endeavors to live up to it, habitually drank between drinks and measured the flight of time by horns instead of quarter hours, and had already enough liquor to his tally to float a gunboat. Ike is cursed with a very short temper, and he was beginning to breathe hard when several members of the Reform Committee sprang upon him and succeeded in persuading him to leave the room. The backs were broken off from two of the benches during the operation. Then we arose and poured oil on the troubled waters by offering the following theme for the next debate: "*Resolved*, That Beauty has more Influence over Mankind than Intellect." After that, all went merry as a marriage bell, as Byron used to say.

UNCOMFORTED.

GOLDSTEIN *(cheerfully)*.— Never mindt aboudt der hardt times, Wogglebaum. Remember, efery gloud has a silver lining.

WOGGLEBAUM *(despondently)*.— But tink how silfer has debreciated!

HER PICTURE.

At his watch he looks intently,
While a smile lights up his face,
And I know as well as can be
There 's a woman in the case.

J. W. L.

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ONE DISADVANTAGE.

FIRST STRANDED THESPIAN.— Ah, Brutus! Me ofttimes thinks we owe a debt of gratitude to these railroads. Just think of walking mile after mile over dusty, rocky roads, instead of over these nice, smooth sleepers!

SECOND STRANDED THESPIAN *(angrily)*.— Bah! Railroads! Bah! Curse 'em, I say! If it was n't for the railroads we would n't be able to get so far away from home!

HIS LUCKY DAY.

MRS. TIPTON.—I thought you were going to the races this afternoon?
TIPTON.—Yes, I was, confound it! — but I missed the train.
MRS. TIPTON.—Ah! Wednesday was always your lucky day.

A GROWING AMERICAN EVIL.

WE MAY talk of the victims of intemperance and of the gaming table, of the masterpieces in the line of cripples turned out by an unlimited indulgence in foot-ball, but no one has called attention to the modern Moloch that is yearly devouring thousands of our young men. Of course we refer to the alluring automatic machine, actuated by the copper cent or the more ambitious nickel.

The drop-a-nickel habit once formed is incurable. As in the case of the liquor habit, the first drop is a drop too much.

Let us follow from its beginning the career of the automatic slave. All of us have seen him — particularly those of us who live in Brooklyn and use its elevated roads to get away from that city — every day.

Up the elevated stairs comes a handsome, prosperous young fellow whom fate has marked to be a victim of the habit. The train has not arrived, and, while walking along the platform, his eye is caught by a glass enclosed rack, containing four piles of chewing gum of assorted flavors, one package of which may be obtained by dropping a cent in any of the four slots. He reads the directions, and, with a subdued chuckle, drops in a cent with great care, and quickly, almost passionately, pulls out the drawer and takes possession of his prize. Now that he has done it, he is rather ashamed. He looks around to see if he is observed, then hurriedly boards the train. which has meanwhile come up, and furtively drops his chewing gum upon the floor.

Oh, young man! If you could foresee the consequences of your rash act, you would renounce once and forever a course that will derange your methodical habits; loosen your purse strings; inevitably destroy your self-respect; kill every noble ambition within you and make of you a slave, in comparison with whom the hasheeh eater and the opium smoker are freemen!

But, although all day he thinks he will never again be so weak, the next morning finds him dropping a cent in *each* slot and *trying the automatic weighing machine.* The fatal fascination is upon him.

A month has passed. Our friend is again mounting the steps of the elevated station, but this time with no galliard air. His clothes look neglected, his hair unkempt. He drops his ticket into the box with a wholly automatic gesture that proclaims him an assured victim of the deadly habit. Note the eager haste with which he approaches his garden of delight: the chewing gum rack, or its companion lure, the chocolate rack. He drops in cent after cent, scarcely stopping to remove the packages from the drawer. He loves to hear the chink of the cent as it rattles down: to see the appearance of the gayly colored package. Train after train rolls by without him. What cares he for such commonplaces? The world, with its honors, its rewards, its duties, is to him as nothing.

At last, having emptied the racks, he boards a train, but it is that he may seek the rack at the next station and exhaust its contents.

Rapid transit at this rate does not get him to his office in time to humor the caprice of his employer, and he soon loses his situation. But he cares not. He spends his time in a lunch-room where there are an automatic lung tester, a girth measurer, a grip tester, a clothes brusher, a boot blacker, and an electric battery, each one costing a nickel. The pleasures of being automatically tested, measured, brushed, blacked, and shocked, would appeal to the average man, but our friend heeds nought save the chink of the nickel. He glances not at the several dials, and the brushes brush the circumambient air. His lacklustre eye and feeble step announce that the end is nigh.

The last phase of his disease is the theatre stage. The victim frequents those play houses that provide for their patrons opera glasses automatically released on dropping a quarter in the slot. His bank account is nearly depleted, and this, the most expensive form of the disease, can last but a short time. Of course he cares nothing for the play, his sole ambition being to "work the slot racket," as he would say in his slovenly English.

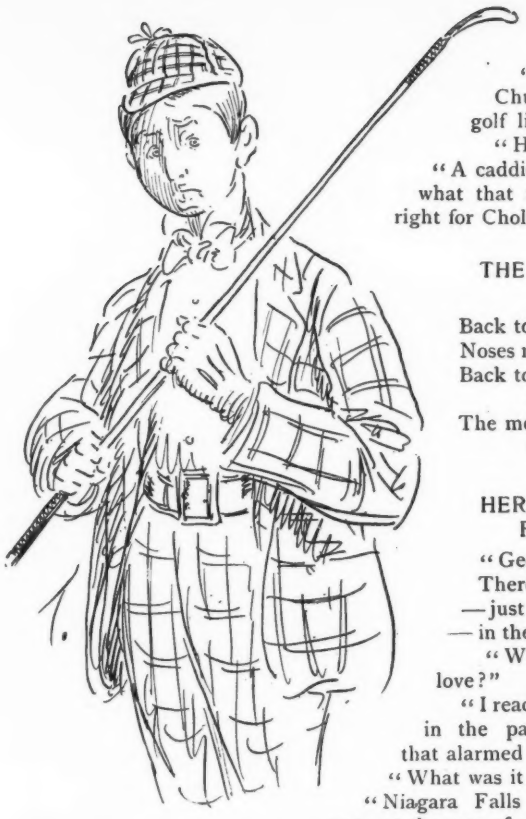
It might not be amiss here to relate a fact that came under our observation a short time ago. A wealthy young man, who had the drop-a-nickel habit in its most aggravated form, used to bribe the scrub woman of the ——Theatre to let him go there when it was empty. Followed by his valet with a bag of quarters, he would pass from seat to seat, dropping a quarter into each slot, stopping only to pull the opera glass into view and then passing to the next. The father of the young man finally took a drop, also, and the dude was seen no more.

In the majority of cases the victim's fortune is quickly dissipated, and the end comes none too soon. With his money and friends all gone, he at last, with the same old mechanical motion, drops into the grave; and, as graves are never automatic, that is the last of him.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A SUBSTITUTE.

DOOLEY *(insinuatingly).*—Gimme some of yer tebackky, Corney!
CASEY *(decisively).*—Ye 've bin grubbin' tebackky from me arl Summer. Not anither dommed bit 'll ye git from me; so put thot in yer poipe an' shmoke it!



APPROPRIATE.

"What does Cholly Chumpleigh do at the golf links?"

"He 's a caddie."

"A caddie, eh? I don't know what that is, but it sounds all right for Cholly."

THE FAMILY SKELETON.

Back to town, back to town,
Noses red and faces brown;
Back to find in the dingy flat
The mould'ring bones of the locked-in cat.

HER MAIDEN FEARS.

"George!"

There was anxiety — just a little of it — in the girl's tone.

"What is it, love?"

"I read something in the paper to-day that alarmed me."

"What was it?"

"Niagara Falls is wearing away at the rate of more than twelve inches a year; and in the course of some hundreds of years they will be gone entirely."

"What of that?"

"You know it is such a delightful place for honeymoon trips."

"Yes."

"I had set my heart on going there on our own bridal tour."

"Y-e-es?"

"We have been engaged four years now."

"About that length of time."

She laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

"In that time — boo-hoo! — fully fifty inches of the Falls have been worn away — boo-hoo! — and I 'm afraid they 'll be all gone before — before — Oh, dear! what am I saying?"

"Never mind, love," said George, tenderly, as he kissed her cheeks. "Don't cry. We 'll go before the Falls are worn away. How would next June suit?"

"That will do nicely, sweetheart."

And she was happy again. *William Henry Siviter.*

IN REPARATION.

WADE. — Did you ever notice that blind men are generally very smart?

BUTCHER. — Yes; having no sense of sight they make up by having a sight of sense.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

STRANGER. — I hear that the long feud between the Willinghams and the Clayridges has at last been amicably settled forever.

NATIVE. — Yes, sah! What was the use in keepin' it up when both families, sah, bought complete outfits of bullet-proof clothing?

HER LILY HAND.

HE HELD her hand in his —
'T was deeply tanned and freckled.
Their ways now lie apart,
Although he 's richly shekelled.

And this is all because
He was so very silly
As to observe with joy,
"Your hand 's a tiger lily!"

R. K. M.

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A FAMILY AFFAIR.

OBESE LADY. — What makes the India Rubber Man look so happy? He 's smiling all over his face.

WILD MAN OF BORNEO *(in mild surprise).* — Arrah! An' did n't yez hear? He 's the father of a bouncin' boy!

"WHAT did Spacely say when his wife presented him with triplets?"

"This is too much, two too much."

A TRAGEDY IN SARDINE FLATS.

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Here is surely a case for the Coroner and Electric Chair.

But, let us investigate, first.

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TREAT OR TRAVEL.

IKEY.— Uf I had me a cent, I buy me a banana off dat old man out in front.

EPSTEIN.— Go oud und tell him to move on; maybe he gif you vun!

ANOTHER CHANCE.

THE GOLDEN sheaf falls at my feet
As the sturdy reapers pass.
"No more thou 'lt undulate afield,
Wind-kissed," I cried, "alas!"

The grain, at that assuming voice,
This cheerful answer made:
"You bet your life I 'll undulate
Upon the board of trade!"

BETTER THAN MUSIC.

ROMANTIC MISS.— Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?

MR. HARDHEAD.— Y-e-s; that 's so!

"At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Hardhead?"

"I advertise."

AWFUL.

MRS. CATCHINGS *(weeping)*.— Did n't you hear about it? Mary has run off with that young Gillington. It 's awful, awful, awful!

MRS. GADDERS *(a social rival.)*—Well, I should say so! Have his parents offered a reward for him yet?

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

MANAGER.— Well, have you the programme all fixed for Sunday night's concert?

ASSISTANT.— The programme 's all right; but there 's another row in the company.

MANAGER.— What are they quarreling about now?

ASSISTANT.— About whose turn it is to be too ill to appear.

SHE.— Do you suppose there were any divorce courts in Solomon's time?

HE.— What a silly question! Do you suppose he would have had time to build the Temple or write Proverbs, if there had been?

A REMEDY.

MRS. ANDJERRY.— I don't know what to do with our Tommy. He 's only ten, and incorrigible. Do you know anything that will break a haughty spirit?

MR. BROOKLYN HITES *(sadly)*.— Yes; make him mind the baby on the street.

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

WILSON.— You 're not as stout as you used to be, old man.

WHEELER.— No; since I started to ride a bicycle I 've fallen off a good deal.

DOUBLING UP.

TEACHER.— Remember, Johnny, there is but one way of gaining wealth — industry.

JOHNNY.— Huh! My Pa has two; he sells coal in Winter, an' ice in Summer.

ABASHED.

The bloomer girl upon her wheel
Confuses one and all;
They look an instant in her face,
And then their glances fall.

PIPKIN.— How is it your wife is so much more ready to give to the poor than yourself?

POTTS.— She freely gives away all my clothes, and I don't dare reciprocate.

OFFICER O'TOOLE.— That 's a tough lot o' mugs yees sendin' me ter supervise, Cap'n.

CAPT. RAFFERTY.— Nivver moind; yees must act loike the auld Gricks, an' coom back wid yer shield or upon a stretcher.

THE FACE is index of the mind; —
In poker, tho', I think you 'll find
Of him whose smile is wide and bland
The face is index of the hand.

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CATERING TO THEIR TASTE.

MOSE WOOLVERTON.— Fo' de Lawd's sake! Randolph, what yo' got dat Limburger cheese fo'?

RANDOLPH LIPSNER.— What I got dat fo'? Why, I 'se fishin' fo' dem German carp, I is; an' I knows what catches de Dutch ebery time.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON CIGARS, CALICO AND CONSISTENCY.

THE GREAT Major McKinley made one of his great tactical mistakes when he put into his great bill an item increasing the duty on cigars, and consequently raising the price of that innocent luxury. We infer, from his making the mistake, that the Major buys his cigars by the box. Otherwise, he must have foreseen — that is, if he gave the subject any great amount of thought, which is not at all certain — he must surely have foreseen the effect that item was sure to have upon his own personal feelings and opinions. We will suppose that the Major habitually smokes a ten-cent cigar. In making this supposition we do not wish to imply any reflection upon the Major's taste. We are quite willing to believe that his palate is educated up to a far more delicate smoke than the "ten-cent straight," but politics is (or are) politics; and a ten-cent smoke should be about the right sort of smoke, in point of price, for a statesman with a large agricultural constituency. For him, a quarter-of-a-dollar cigar would be, in the view of his farmer friends, an ostentatious extravagance; a fifteen-center might suggest a slight social superiority, just noticeable enough to be irritating, while a "fiver" or a "two-for" would be altogether too democratic, and might be considered to show a certain lack of self-respect in a representative of the people.

* * *

Now, if Governor McKinley had bought his cigars by the single cigar, or by the quarter's-worth, he would have had to prepare himself to be daily, or perhaps three or four times in a day, reminded of the fact that he could not get as good a cigar for ten cents as he could have got before he framed his Bill. And it is hard to conceive of a more irritating reminder for a steady smoker. At the hour of recess, the statesman descends to the Capitol restaurant, refreshes himself with a wholesome luncheon, and then sends to the cigar-counter for the weed that aids digestion. It comes — but it comes not from Havana. It comes from Key West or from Virginia, or perhaps from Connecticut, with the flavor of Wethersfield onions in its wrapper. And, as he misses the flavor of his accustomed brand, and feels his digestion growing slack, he can not but ask himself if, all over the country, there are not thousands of angry men cursing the legislative measure that makes them pay ten cents for a five-cent cigar, or fifteen cents for their accustomed "tenner."

* * *

But if this sort of reminder of a time of high prices galls the American man, how sorely must the American woman be worried and harassed by the hundred and one petty lessons in economy which she gets from the increased prices consequent upon a high tariff? The American husband has a good reputation as a liberal provider; but he can not be expected to keep himself informed as to the many details of his wife's domestic necessities. He knows his own; he knows roughly what it should cost to sustain his family; but when it comes to dresses, bonnets, hats, baby-clothes, children's shoes, the renewal of out-worn furniture and kitchen utensils, and all the narrow things of home for which his purse must open wide, he generally gives up in good-natured despair; fixes on a sum he thinks he can afford, and hands it over to his wife to make out with as best she can. And the wife must make her adjustments and re-adjustments for herself. The fashions of this year may call for a twenty-yard dress pattern; the fashions of the next for a pattern of ten yards. One year Summer silks are in style; and linen and cotton fabrics the next. Last year's furs are out of fashion this year; and the poor woman never knows what new fancy to expect in the way of correct and proper clothing for her children or herself. She is not the bread-winner. Her money comes to her from her husband. Cheap year or dear year, she has to make it do its work; and she must be a very extraordinary woman if she can get up any sort of respect for a system of politics that may force her to meet increased prices without an increased allowance.

* * *

The framers of the new tariff have not only produced a sensation of glad gratitude in the masculine breast by bringing back that old familiar friend, the smokable ten-cent cigar, but have made themselves friends among the women — and what better friends can be had in the world? The Philadelphia lady who enters Mr. John Wanamaker's spacious stores, to-day, and looks around her at the vast wealth of wearable things "marked down" on account of the new tariff, may not be willing to forget that her father is a Republican Protectionist, and that her husband has always agreed with the old gentleman's political opinions; but she can not help remembering that the weekly allowance which she carries in her seal-skin pocket-book will go much further than it went last year. She would be puzzled to calculate the percentage of saving, but it takes tangible form to her in the shape of many little luxuries — and frivolities, perhaps — that she had to deny herself last year; and that she may buy now with a clear conscience. She realizes, too, that this year she will not have to face the ordeal, trying above all others to her loyal heart, of asking her husband to go down into his well-worn pocket for an increase of the regular domestic appropriation, on the ground that "things are so expensive now." And if the Philadelphia lady, fingering her fat seal-skin purse, in her gloved hand, feels happy in the lightening of her burden, what shall be said of the poor plain woman, farmer's wife, miner's wife, mechanic's wife — whatever she may be, who goes to the country cross-roads store and finds that the cruel weight of the last years is lifted from her weary shoulders, and that the children's clothes and her own poor "fixings" will cost her no more than they cost in earlier and easier days? And, the husband? Well, we hope this country will never think that it stands in need of the institution of woman suffrage. The womens' vote goes to the polls quite straight enough when there is any need of it. And the politician who gazes on Mr. Wanamaker's "marked-down" signs, and sees the thronged shops that were empty during the period of the McKinley madness, may learn from business-men a lesson in political economy that the business-men themselves must learn from American wives and mothers.

AN OLD SLEUTH.

POLICEMAN.—This is the naygur, yer Honor, as shtole thim shoes from Finnegan's.

JUSTICE.—Were the shoes in his possession?

POLICEMAN.— No, sor-r.

JUSTICE.—What 's the evidence, then?

POLICEMAN.—Whin I rin down the shtrate cryin' "Shtop thafe!" he shtopped at wanst an' looked back.

THE GIRL of the period is finding
The temptation always at hand,
To get into shocking habits,
With the bloomer abroad in the land.

HE WON'T BE BUNCOED AGAIN.

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GIVING THE WHOL

REPUBLICAN HIGH TARIFF TALKERS. — This is the unkindest cut of all! — After what we've do

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

WHOLE SNAP AWAY.

at we've done for that ungrateful fellow, he 's doing his best to ruin the whole Protection business!

SOME FACTS ON FLATS.

(From Advance Sheets of "Household Hints for Happy Homes.")

THERE IS never any trouble in getting a flat. Sometimes, it is true, you must give references; but, as these are never looked up, just mention anybody you think of at the time, and pay your deposit. The deposit is, in most cases, five dollars. If you are young and foolish, you give ten, sometimes; but this is a mistake. Of course you get a month's rent free for taking the flat. Say the rent is thirty dollars, due on the first of the month; you pay your deposit, get a truckman, and move in. Never pay your rent promptly. Always pay half at a time, so when you have finished May's rent June is commencing. By this means, when you are tired of paying rent at all, you can safely stay in the last month without paying anything, and without fear of a dispossess. It is only those who pay cash that get into trouble when they can not meet their obligations promptly. Those who are slow pay never need fear trouble. Their creditors are too glad to get the money any time. When you have lived in a flat four months, it is time to move. You had the first month free, you paid the second and third slowly; in your fourth month you need not pay at all; and, with a struggle, may keep on until the middle of the next month. In this way you get four months' and a half shelter for two months' rent, and you may be able to get a month and a half free from your next landlord. Always treat the janitor kindly. Some mistaken people imagine haughtiness the best method to adopt with the janitor. When they go to move they find out their mistake. Then the janitor and his family stand out in front and wheedle your new address from the truckman, while they jeer at you, and hint that you had notice to quit. If your furniture has been purchased on the installment plan, it is best to be prompt in your payments the first few months, especially if you are soon to move. You will thus escape being watched; and, by getting a truckman strange to the neighborhood, the janitor will forget the name on the van, and you will lose the installment people in the shuffle.

Always wear your best clothes when you first go to the grocery or butcher-shop, and be proud and reserved. Never ask for credit. Just order goods sent you. If they do not arrive, deal elsewhere. Always be captious and hard to please. This is a great help in establishing credit. Do not deal in your own immediate neighborhood. They may see the truck moving you, and follow you with bills to your new home. If the piano people seize their piano before you move, get a better one from another company the same day. Be prompt about it.

The taking out of a poor piano and the bringing in of a better one will raise your credit in the neighborhood. Present a business card of anybody's to the gas company for reference when you start taking gas. Never, if possible, put down a guarantee deposit. It gives them a poor opinion of you, and they cut off the gas as soon as your bill is bigger than your deposit. Do not let any bill collector bluff or bully you. If there is any bluffing or bullying to be done, do it yourself. By following these few simple rules and moving often, a young married couple will find they can live well, and, at the same time save money, on a surprisingly small income.

IT WOULD be a great thing for humanity if Love were blind only in one eye.

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REQUIRED TREATMENT.

ALGY.—Did the oculist do you any good, Cholly?

CHOLLY.—Welieved me gweatly! I can see as well with me monocle on as I can without it.

SLAVES OF FASHION.

Far away toward the setting sun, where the light of enterprise burns intensely by day and by night, the head of the family was engaged with his second plate of pancakes.

"My dear," he observed, "I have some news for you."

The goddess of the household leaned forward in an attitude of attention.

"Yes," the husband proceeded; "the man who lives in that brick house around the corner is known to be the party who robbed the fast express of one hundred thousand dollars."

The lady gasped.

"Well," she said, fretfully, "I suppose I 'll have to call on them now; but I just hate to. These newly-rich people put on such insufferable airs."

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ALL HE WANTED.

FARMER CRIBLEY.—Yes; that 's John Hardacre. He gave up farmin' this year an' took in Summer boarders. He says he 'll never do it again, though.

MR. CITIMAN.—Too much trouble?

FARMER CRIBLEY.—No! He made enough money to retire.

THE PRICE.

"When you kicked to the photographer about your poor pictures, what did he say?"

"Three dollars."

HE.—Get out of my house, this minute!

SHE.—You would n't have dared to speak to me that way before we were married.

HE.—Silence! I am not to be twitted for taking a servant girl for a wife!

AN IRREPRESSIBLE suburban poet enthusiastically rhymes "golf" with "wolf."

TRAPPED.

MISS ELDERS. — Mr. Stoughton, can you tell a person's fortune by the aid of palmistry?

MR. STOUGHTON. — Yes, indeed! I 'm quite an expert, Miss Elders. Er — give me your hand.

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MISS ELDERS *(impulsively)*. — Oh, Mr. Sloughton! — George! this is so sudden; but I can not say you nay. Mama will be so pleased, too!

A NEW MYTH.

WHEN GODS and men had multiplied,
And filled both Heaven and earth,
When poets first of simple love
Began to mark a dearth,
Dan Cupid knelt — a deed unsung —
Before great Jove, with bow unstrung.

"O Father!" cried the urchin god,
"Thy realm is filled with hearts
So countless that, though ceaselessly
I hurl unerring darts,
My task grows greater day by day;
So give to me a helper, pray."

The Thunderer smiled — his smile was grim —
And to — *himself* gave thanks
That he at last could vengeance take
On Cupid for his pranks;
For oft the boy — each bard allows —
Got Jove in trouble with his spouse.

"I grant the boon," he said. "Arise!"
With smiling lips he rose
And watched while Jove from Hebe's stores
A golden goblet chose,
That brimmed with beaded blood-red wine,
And shaped it to a form divine.

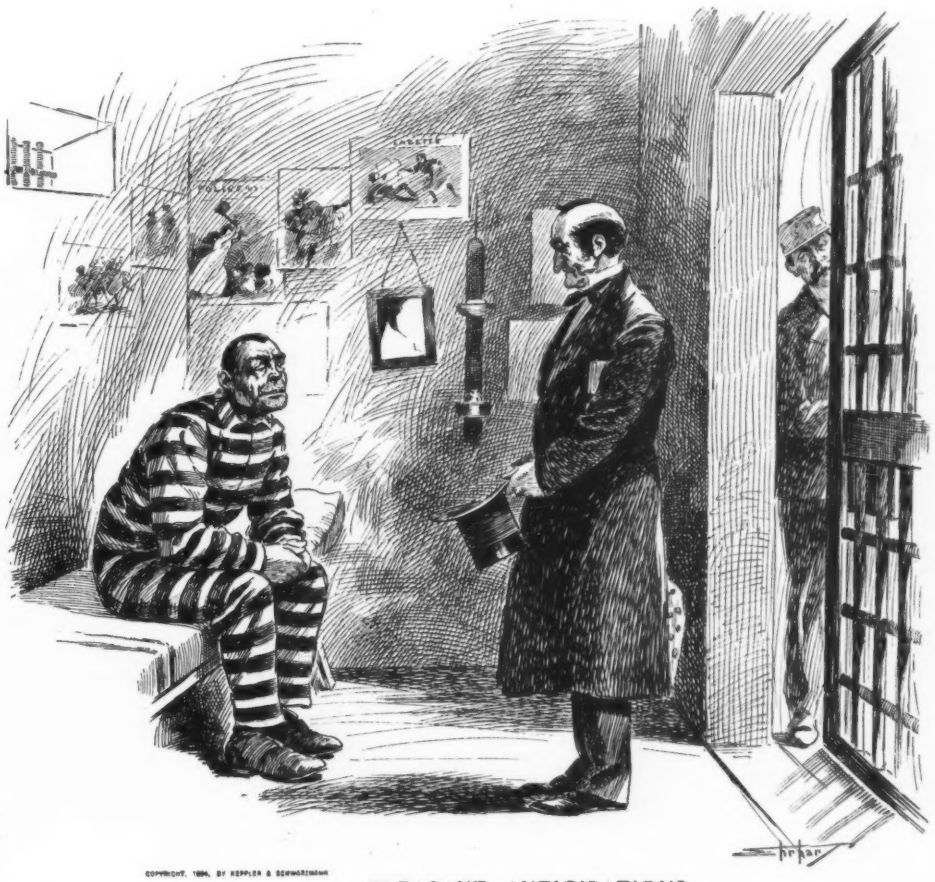
"His name is Wealth," the father said.
Dan Cupid cried in woe:
"No helper he, O Heaven's Sire!
But my most cruel foe.
O mock me not with such a mate!"
But at his tears Jove laughed, elate.

And since that day the urchin pair
In endless war have striven,
And many a tender heart have they
In fierce contention riven.
And both young souls to Hymen bring,
Though bards of none save Cupid sing.

P. McArthur.

HASTINGS. — Collins is getting to be quite a wreck.
WALTERS. — What makes you think so?
HASTINGS. — He wanted to borrow only a quarter.

NOR BRUISED nor bleeding was the man
Who near the car's front took a seat;
No broken bones had he, although
He 'd fallen over forty feet.



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PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS.

REV. GOODWIN. — I dare say you are looking forward with delight to the approaching day of your release.

NO. 4-11-44. — Bet yer life! Yer 'd orter feel de thirst I 've got on me!

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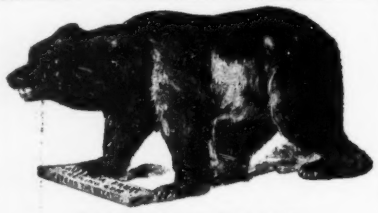

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by Amélie Rives. Paper, price 50 cents.

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THE USUAL WAY.

He stopped at a small and elegant place,
Down by the sounding sea;
And later he said,
As he rubbed his head:
"You can't hardly tell by the size of the house,
What the size of the bills will be."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

VACANT ROOM.

BILSON.—Don't you think there is room for improvement in Penfeather's writing?

QUILSON.—Yes; so much room, in fact, that I don't think Penfeather will ever be able to use it all up.—*South Boston News.*

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—I see they are now making a soap that will float.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—Can't you get the recipe and use it in your biscuits?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HE.—Has your father been vaccinated yet?

SHE.—No. He is going to be tomorrow.

HE.—Tell him to have it done on the foot.—*Boston Post.*

"RISE in de worl' all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man; "but don't fohgit yoh repytation. Hit do come in handy foh er parachute."—*Washington Star.*

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

THE ACQUIREMENT OF CULTURE.

"Do you consider travel essential to an education?" asked the young man.

"Not if you live in Boston," replied the young woman with blue glasses.—*Washington Star.*

NOT TOY-LIKE.

WHEELMAN *(sententiously).*—The bicycle is no longer a toy.

ORDINARY CITIZEN *(earnestly).*—No siree, it is n't. I 've been run into by one, myself.—*New York Weekly.*

Zigzag Tales.

From the East to the West.

By H. L. Wilson.

Illustrated by C. J. Taylor.

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TOO LATE.

AMERICAN GIRL *(abroad).*—I should like to see some of the Great English statesmen.

ENGLISHMAN.—The races are hover, Mum.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"IN looking up paternalism," said he, holding a dictionary in his hand, "what would you refer to first?" "See Pa," said she.—*Adams Freeman.*

WHEN a woman stops crying about a man, she has stopped caring for him.
—*Atchison Globe.*

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IN SOMBRE AUTUMN.

HE *(playfully).*—Ah, Miss Summerleigh! I find you still engaged in thought.
SHE *(with memory of a fruitless Summer).*—Yes; it 's only too true; but I would it were otherwise.

PUCK'S publishers have been making a Howarth Book, and it cannot fail to outsell any quarter comic they have published. Howarth is a jewel, and well deserves the distinction of having a book all to himself.
—*S. F. Book and News Dealer.*

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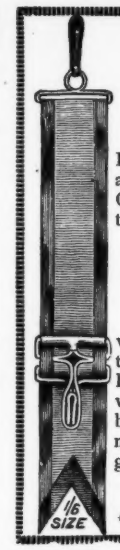

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BULLION.—Of course not! She used to be my secretary and typewriter.—*Boston Post.*

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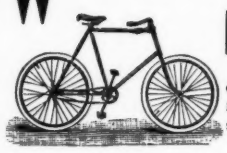

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MAMA.—Robby got thoroughly drenched today. He did n't know there was a shower threatening until he was caught in it.

PAPA.—Think, dear; he may grow up and make a famous weather prophet.—*Inter Ocean.*

DE man who shake yoh han' de hardes', sometime got de odder han' in yoh pohket.—*Dawes County Journal.*

"PA, what is a lay figure?"
"A lay figure is a—is a—hen."
—*Norristown Herald.*

THE genealogical tree is nothing if it is n't a pair tree.—*Adams Freeman.*

After a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

To Brainy People.

BROMO SODA

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Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.

THE MOTORMAN'S FUN.

DAYSON.—I've a good mind to run for that car. Do you think I can catch it?

MAYSON.—Sure; that is, if you don't happen to let the driver see you chasing it.—*So. Boston News.*

THE white duck trousers the young swells are wearing, come mighty near being panties.—*Atchison Globe.*

A MOURNFUL SUGGESTION.

"Japan says she proposes to demolish China," said Mr. Blykins.

"She ought to have our servant girl," replied his wife, wearily.—*Washington Star.*

THE Democratic party does not seem to worry if it is in hot water. It has plenty of whiskey and sugar with it.—*Adams Freeman.*

Purity and wholesomeness are the physicians' endorsement of Angostura Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

DIRECT FROM PARIS.

MOTHER.—My goodness! You might as well wear tights as that rig. You certainly don't intend to go bathing in it.

DAUGHTER.—Bathing? Horrors, no! This is n't for bathing. It 's only for bicycling.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

IT is an exceptional cook who does not sacrifice flavor to color.—*West Union Gazette.*

"PROVIDENCE TEMPERS THE WIND," ETC.

HARDY UPTON.—Good gracious! Here comes my tailor. I would n't have him to see me for the world, and I can't get out of his way.

HAYRICK.—Can't you fix this splice so that neither of us can get a divorce?

PARSON.—You can make a contract to that effect if you wish.

HAYRICK.—That 's it; draw up articles that this is to be a fight to a finish.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

FIDO AND HIS GARB.

This business depression
Has made my spirits sag;
It 's hard to go in company
And wear my last year's tag.
—*Washington Star.*

Brain fatigue from wear and tear Speedily relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

But as the tailor passed, a strong wind blew and Hardy escaped without being recognized.

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Into good society.—*Inter Ocean.*

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"DID Wilton get anything with his last lottery ticket?"

"Yes. Arrested."—*Inter Ocean.*

VINDICATING HIMSELF.

"Are you a district messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted gentleman of an urchin on the street.

"No, sir," was the reply; "it 's my sore that makes me walk that way."—*Washington Star.*

NO SUCH MISHAPS NOW.

HULKINS.—I suppose, Timkins, you miss the country since your removal to the city?

TIMKINS.—Yes; but I don't miss any trains.—*South Boston News.*

THE time to watch yourself the closest is when you think nobody else is watching you.—*Ram's Horn.*

They say

The difference in character and quality of the different brands of another popular Ale is due to the method of bottling.

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Bright and sparkling.

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Better than imported.

Costs less. No duty.

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COOL NIGHTS.

EXCURSIONIST.—You have some fearfully hot days in this town in Summer?

NATIVE.—Yes; but you have no idea how cool our nights are in Winter.—*South Boston News.*

WOMAN.—Ow-oo-oo! Murder! You—

EXCITED NEIGHBOR.—Did the villain attack you, Madam?

WOMAN.—Attack? No — he held the screen door open and let a fly get in!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CAME OUT AHEAD.

"How 's the melon business going?"

"First-class; sold enough this year to buy a bushel of seed for next season!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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BEFORE abusing a man in a crowd, be sure you know all his relatives.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

"There 's no use in trying to deny it," she sighed; "men are terribly inconsistent."

"What 's the matter?" asked her mother.

"When Charley started for the races this morning he said he would have money to burn, and now he declares he can't afford a ton of coal."—*Washington Star.*

THE WAY OF IT.

This sweet old world is funny,
But we learn it by degrees;
The bees first steal the honey,
Then we steal it from the bees!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

COMPARISON OF RESULTS.

ELECTION INSPECTOR.—Have you been naturalized?

STRANGER *(anxious to vote).*—N-o, notta that, maybee, but I havea beena vaccinated.

INSPECTOR.—Better yet. Walk right up.—*New York Weekly.*

"WELL, now you can give me gas, doctor."

DENTIST.—The tooth is out, my little man.

LITTLE MAN.—Yes; but givin' you the fifty cents is what hurts.—*Inter Ocean.*

WHEN a girl looks fresh, and blooming, and good-looking, it is a sign she is in love.—*Atchison Globe.*

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to BOKER'S BITTERS. Renowned since 1828.

THE USUAL ANSWER

DORA.—Men may not think so, but nowadays there are a great many girls who have no intention of ever marrying.

GEORGE.—Oh, I know it! I've proposed to a dozen of them.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

MRS. LEASE ought to use her husband's first name and give him half a show.—*Adams Freeman.*

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless *guaranteed* tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by Book at druggist, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

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IT WILL NOT DOWN.

SENATOR *(at breakfast).*—I never want to hear of that miserable tariff bill again!

WIFE *(sweetly).*—Will you take sugar in your coffee, dear?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IT is so easy for a man to find a man worse than he is, that he thinks he is tolerably good.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000. NEW FEATURES, TONTINE POLICIES. **ACCIDENT INSURANCE** AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD. WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED. DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY. 62 & 64 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK

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PICKINGS FROM PUCK
Is selling from Canada
Down to Kentuck.;
The newspaper-dealer proclams he 's in luck
The while he 's disposing of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
PUCK, PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
The while he 's disposing of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

PUCK, PUCK, PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
On this publication no newsdealer 's stuck;
Yelling and knelling and telling its praises,
His voice from the morn unto even he raises;
Each wise man his gold from his pocket doth pluck
To purchase a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK.
Up on the mountains and down by the sea,
In the back garden and out in the lea,
Up in the sky where the chicken-hawk wings,
In the still wood where the nightingale sings,
Out where the sun like a river divine
Tumbles about on the aloe and vine,
The natives all cry and the chickens all cluck:
"Give me a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
PUCK, PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
Give me a copy of
PICKINGS FROM PUCK!"

The person who buys it and sees the con-tents
Just grins like a griffin, and never laments
The way he invested that twenty-five cents.

By mail to any part of the United States, Mexico and Canada, on receipt of 25 cents. Postage to all other countries, 5 cents. Address: PUCK, N. Y.

PRACTICAL ESTHETICS.

FRIEND.—Why do you have all your ceilings and walls finished in crimson?

MRS. SUBURB *(of New Jersey).*—That 's so we can slap mosquitos without making a blotch.—*New York Weekly.*

THE best workers are those who know best how to rest.—*Ram's Horn.*

A MAN never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.—*Atchison Globe.*

OUT WEST.

"Is business booming in your neighborhood?"

"Yes; everything in full blast; strikers just lit a dynamite fuse under the town hall."—*Atchison Constitution.*

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"Zigzag Tales: From the East to the West," by H. L. Wilson, is the latest volume of PUCK'S Stories. It contains thirteen stories that are modern to the very latest minute; in one, a young woman typewriter in a lawyers' office gets both members of the firm, father and son, in love with her, the climax coming in a way neither had thought possible; in another, a worthy clergyman who is bent on suppressing the prevalent and unholy interest in base-ball himself falls victim to the fascinations of the game; still another has for its hero an old bookkeeper who has become almost a commercial automation, but in whose breast love wakens a new youth. The titles of the other tales are "An Overland Journey," "Smith's Biography," "The Defection of Maria Hepworth," "An Old Clock," "The Success of James Ferguson, M. D.," "A Pan-American Romance," "A Family Affair," "A Western Man," "An Amateur Lover," and "Father Cortland's Vacation." Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; price 50 cents.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

HOW TO PLEASE ALL.

AGITATOR.—What this country needs is compulsory arbitration.

TEACHER.—And compulsory education.

PREACHER.—And compulsory religion.

OLD MAID.—Yes; and compulsory love.—*New York Weekly.*

HE has come and he has gone—
That man so full of gas,
Who has known full well for many weeks
That the tariff bill would pass.
—*West Union Gazette.*

THE professional rainmaker knows as much as the man who prays for rain.—*Atchison Globe.*

"DID you tell your mistress that I called yesterday when she was out?"

MAID.—It was n't necessary. She saw you coming.—*Inter Ocean.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Distressing Irritations of the SKIN Instantly Relieved by CUTICURA

A single application is often sufficient to afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure of the most distressing of itching humors. They are beyond all doubt the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

☞ "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

Yale Mixture

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

THE CHOICEST SMOKING TOBACCO THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE OR THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

A 2oz. trial package postpaid for 25 cents.
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Our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete in Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings.

Style and Prices to suit every Taste and Purse.

Samples and directions to Self-measure sent on application.

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Pennsylvania Limited to Chicago.

The Pennsylvania Limited is the only train now in service between the East and the West that offers all the conveniences and luxuries of a strictly limited express. It furnishes all the comforts of a home and the conveniences of a club.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 Cents.

A WINDFALL.

MOTHER. — I have just heard something that you ought to know. Your father tells me that your husband is hopelessly involved.

MARRIED DAUGHTER.—Is n't that lovely! Now, maybe, he 'll make over all his property to me! — *N. Y. Weekly.*

AT WEST BRIGHTON

"You don't look as if you enjoyed your dinner very much. What did you have?"

"As near as I could make out it was corned beef and garbage."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHEN a man goes into business, everybody wonders "where on earth he got the money." — *Atchison Globe.*

THE trouble about the trials of this life is that a fellow always wants to render his own verdicts. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CIVILIZATION'S MARCH.

Painfully the travelers toiled through the wilderness. The way had been long and rough. The scorching sun by day and the cold damps by night had been their portion. Hardship, fatigue and danger they had known. And yet they toiled on uncomplainingly, although it had been months since they had last looked back upon the habitation of a white man.

Before them lay a vast plain; from its midst arose a huge rock, like the dome of some great building that had sunk from its own ponderous weight, deep in the earth.

"Let us hasten!" cried the leader of this band of hardy adventurers; "let us hasten and rest for our noonday meal in the shadow of yon great rock. We are now where the foot of civilized man has never trod."

His companions gazed awe-stricken across the vast plain, and then in silence the march was resumed. As they drew nearer the rock, they were aware of hieroglyphics upon its surface, the like of which was strange to them. As nearer they came they saw that these were in the semblance of letters many feet in height, thus:

SLIACKCOC BULC EDC

"The handiwork of an extinct civilization," muttered the leader, "or some fearful warning from the past." All stood now and gazed silently upon the strange characters. Suddenly the youngest of the party gave a cry of triumph. "Read it backwards," he said; "it puts you on to a good thing!"

And the travelers rejoiced to be reminded that among their effects they had these peerless blends of Martini, Manhattan, Gin and Vermouth, besides the latest, the dry and delicious unsweetened York.

HIS ONLY OBJECTION.

MACCRELL. — I have one very decided objection to living pictures.

TROWT. — What is it?

MACCRELL. — It 's so hard to get seats near the stage.—*South Boston News.*

MCKINLEY has nothing to say about the new tariff bill.—*Boston Herald.* He has been saying nothing about the old one for many months, on every possible occasion.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EVERY once in awhile you fall in with a man who thinks that noise in prayer meeting is religion.
—*Ram's Horn.*

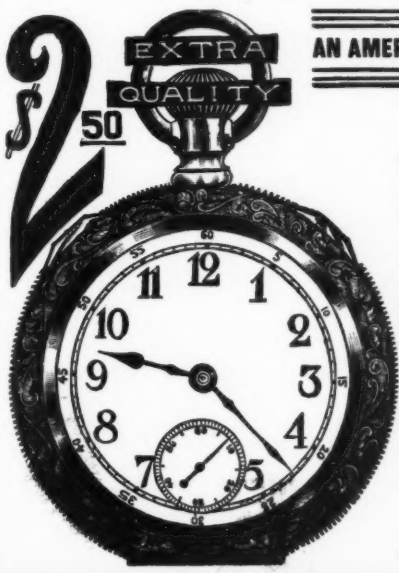
MISS PENN. — So you have decided not to marry him?

MRS. CHICAGO. — Not exactly. My husband decided for me.
—*Norristown Herald.*

REPORTED THAT SHE WORE THEM.

MRS. HENRY PECK.—Are Mr. Peck's trousers finished?

TAILOR *(busy waiting on other customer).* — Mr. Peck's? Oh, yes! William, get Mr. Peck's trousers. *(absent-mindedly.)* Would you like to try them on?



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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send this beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain and the finest watch you ever saw for the money, pay the express agent **Our Special Sample Price $2.50,** and it is yours. We are offering this watch at this extraordinary price as an advertisement to introduce the watch, therefore send in your order at once as **This Advertisement May Not Appear Again.** The watch is beautifully engraved, has enamel dial, jeweled balance, oil tempered hairspring and all the latest improvements that go to make a watch desirable and reliable as a timekeeper. **FREE**—With every watch we will send absolutely free of charge a beautiful gold plate chain and charm. **Write to-day,** while this offer holds good. Address,

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Goes by Special Order to Europe for Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout and Rheumatism—Its Value in Bright's Disease and as a Solvent of Calculi in Bladder.

Dr. Thomas H. Buckler,
of Paris (formerly of Baltimore), Suggester of Lithia as a Solvent for Uric Acid, says

"Nothing I could say would add to the well-known reputation of the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

I have frequently used it with good results in **Uric Acid Diathesis, Rheumatism,** and **Gout,** and with this object I have ordered it to Europe, from Coleman & Rogers, of Baltimore. **Lithia is in no form so valuable as where it exists in the Carbonate, the form in which it is found in**

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Nature's mode of solution and division in water which has passed through Lepidolite and Spodumene Mineral formations."

Dr. William A. Hammond,
Washington, D.C., Surgeon-General U.S. Army (retired), *formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, &c.*

'I have for some time made use of the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in cases of affections of the nervous system, complicated with **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** or with a **Gouty Diathesis.** The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite remedy with me in like cases, but the **Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts, and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach.** I also often prescribe it in those cases of **Cerebral Hyperæmia** resulting from over mental work—in which the condition called **Nervous Dyspepsia** exists—and generally with **marked benefit.** And as a matter of prime importance it is not to be forgotten that the **composition of the**

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is such, and the experience of its use so complete, that no doubt exists of its great power, not only as a solvent for calculi already in the bladder, but of the diseases of such calculi existing in the blood."

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

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$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
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